This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

3433 07483340 5

NBJ
Wallace

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R L

NBI
Walla

Lith[d] & Publ[d] by L. Grozelier, 349 Broadway N.Y.

William Ross Wallace

MEDITATIONS IN AMERICA.

AND

Other Poems.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

OF THINE OWN COUNTRY SING.

SECOND EDITION.

NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED BY CHARLES SCRIBNER,

36 PARK ROW.

1851.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
229858
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R 1938

ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifty-one, by WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

BAKER, GODWIN & Co., PRINTERS,
Tribune Buildings, N. Y.

TO

CHARLES H. BRAINARD,

OF NEW YORK CITY,

A MAN OF TRUE HEART, ELEGANT MANNERS, AND BRILLIANT MIND,

This Volume is Dedicated,

BY HIS DEVOTED FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS.

PRELUDE. Of Thine Own Country Sing . . . PAGE 9
Hymn to a Wind Going Sea-ward 12
Autumn in America 17
The North Edda 21
Greenwood Cemetery 24
The Husband to his Dying Wife 28
The Kings of Sorrow 31
The Liberty Bell 37
The American Flag in 1850 40
The Gods of Old 44
The Mounds of America 52
The Song of Old 58
Nature's Evening Prayer 60
Aveline—a Song 65
Mary Star 67
Last Words of Washington 69
Last Words of Napoleon 76
Wordsworth 81
Daniel Boone 89

Mahomet—El Amin . . . . . PAGE 93
A Song of the Sea 97
The Street Flute Player 100
Chant of the East 103
Jerusalem 108
Lines on Robert Walsh 112
Mass for the Hungarians 115
Lines 118
The Turreted Mountain 120
Lines 124
Song 126
The Parade 128
Rest of the Nation 130
The American Epic 137
L'ENVOI. Chant of a Soul 139
Notes 144

Prelude.

OF THINE OWN COUNTRY SING.

I MET the wild eyed Genius of our Land
In Huron's forest vast and dim;
I saw her sweep a harp with stately hand;
I heard her solemn hymn.

She sang of Nations that had passed away
From her own broad imperial clime;
Of Nations new to whom she gave the sway:
She sang of God and Time.

I saw the PAST with all its rhythmic lore;
I saw the PRESENT clearly glow;
Shapes with veiled faces paced a far dim shore
And whispered "Joy" and "Wo!"

Her large verse pictured mountain, vale and bay
Our wide, calm Rivers rolled along,
And many a mighty Lake and Prairie lay
In the shadow of her Song.

As in MISSOURI'S mountain range, the vast
Wild Wind majestically flies
From crag to crag till on the top at last
The wild Wind proudly dies,

So died the Hymn.—"O Genius! how can I
Crown me with Song as thou art crowned?"
She, smiling, pointed to the spotless sky
And the forest-tops around—

Then sang—"Not to the far-off Lands of Eld
Must thou for inspiration go:
There Milton's large imperial organ swelled,
There Avon's waters flow.

"No Alien-Bard where TASSO'S troubled lyre
Made sorrow fair, unchallenged dwells—
Where deep-eyed Danté with the wreath of fire
Came chanting from his Hells.

"Yet sometimes sing the old majestic themes
Of Europe in her song enshrined:
These, going wind-like o'er thy Sea of Dreams,
May liberalize the mind.

"Or learn from mournful ASIA, as she lies
Musing at noon beneath her stately palms,
Her angel-lore, her wide-browed prophecies,
Her solemn-sounding psalms:

"Or sit with AFRIC when her eyes of flame
Smoulder in dreams, beneath their swarthy lids,
Of youthful Sphynx, and Kings at loud acclaim
On new-built Pyramids.

"But know thy Highest dwells at Home: there Art
And choral Inspirations spring;
If thou wouldst touch the Universal Heart,
OF THINE OWN COUNTRY SING."

HYMN TO A WIND GOING SEA-WARD.

Lose not a memory of the glorious scenes,
Mountains and palisades and leaning rocks,
The mighty rivers and the wondrous lakes,
O'er which like some serene, heroic Soul
Revolving noble thoughts, thou calmly cam'st,
Wind of the wide wild West! Thy fine white lip
Meets Ocean's here, and in deep joy he lifts
His soothéd brow, and gives his stormy voice
A milder tone, and murmurs pleasantly
To every shore, and bids the insolent Blast
To bow before thee: for thy fingers ran
Over vast forests waving where the graves
Of populous Empires lie—great Kingdoms lost—
Long, long ago, before the pale man came—
Like caravans within enchanted wastes:
And thou didst see and bless the People new
That grows, like some majestic miracle,
Clearer and clearer on the wondering Wood.

Wind of the West-Land! thou shall henceforth be
A Wanderer of the Deep: and thou shalt hear
The sad wild voices of the solemn North
Utter uncertain words in cloudy rhymth,
But full of terrible meaning to the wave
That moans by Labrador: and thou shalt pause
To pay thy worship o'er the coral temples,
The ancient Meccas of the reverent Sea:
And thou shalt move again round ocean's realm
To kiss the Southern isles: and thou shalt know
What Beauty crowns the blue Symplegades,
What light the Dardanelles; and troubled France
Shall listen to thy calm deep voice, and learn
That Freedom must be calm if she would fix
Her mountain moveless in a heaving world;
And Greece shall hear thee chant by Marathon;
And Italy shall feel thy breathing on that shore
Where Liberty once more takes up her lance:
And when thou hurriest back, full of high themes,
Great Albion shall joy through every cliff,
And lordly hall, and peasant-home, and old
Cathedral where Earth's Emperors sleep—whose crowns
Were laurel and whose sceptres pen and harp—
The Mother of our Race shall joy to hear

Thy low sweet murmuring: her sonorous tongue
Is thine, her glory thine; for thou didst fan
With thy wide wing and bless with thy sweet voice
The manly Saxon sprung from her own loins
In far America.

Move on! Move on,
Wind of the wide wild West! Tell thou to all
The Isles, tell thou to all the Continents
The grandeur of my Land! Speak of its Vales
Where Independence wears a pastoral wreath
Amid the holy quiet of his flock;
And of its Mountains with their cloudy beards
Tossed by the breath of centuries; and speak
Of its tall Cataracts that roll their bass
Amid the choral of the midnight storms;
And of its Rivers lingering through the plains,
So long, that they seem made to measure Time;
And of its Lakes that mock the haughty Sea;
And of its Caves where banished gods might find
Night large enough to hide their crownless heads;
And of its Sunsets broad and glorious there
O'er Prairies spread like endless Oceans on—
And on—and on, over the far dim leagues
Till vision shudders o'er immensity.

Move on! Move on, Wind of the wide wild West!
Bear in thy thought the music of the crash
That tells a forest's fall—wide woods that hold
Beneath their cloistered bark a registry
Where Time may almost tell how old he is.
Keep in thy memory the frequent homes
That from the ruin rise—the triumphs these
Of real kings, whose conquering march
Sounds up into the wondering Oregon.

O tell, thou Wind! to Europe's stately throng
Whose large white brows are fullest of the god—
To Asia's swarthy hordes whose dark eyes gaze
With wonder and unchangeable belief
On mountains where JEHOVAH sat of old—
To Afric with her huge rough brain on fire,
And Titan's energy gone mad—tell thou to All
That Freedom hath a home. Say to the Tribes
"There is a Hope, a Love, a Home for all;
The Rivers woo them to their lucent lengths;
The Woods to their green haunts; the Prairies sigh
Throughout their broad and flowery solitudes
For some companionship. True, there are chains
On certain swarthy limbs: it shall not be

Forever! but the fettered shall be loosed,
And Liberty walk ample as the Clime!"

O, fearless Wind! tell thou to all the Tribes
The might that lives in every human soul,
And what a feeble thing a tyrant is:
So speaking that their gladdened hearts will bow
Before the Beautiful that holds the True
As Heaven in her sweet azure holds the Sun—
So speaking, that they see the Universe
Was made for Beauty's sake, while like a robe
It undulates around the Inner Soul—
A feeling and a harmony—a thought
That shows a deeper thought, until the soul
Trembles before the vision, and the voice,
Made musical by worship, whispers "Joy!"
But utter all most calmly in a tone
Low as a seraph's near an inner shrine:
For mighty truths are always very calm.

AUTUMN IN AMERICA.

Gloomily strikes the coward Blast
On the sad face of the Mere:
To and fro are the dead leaves cast—
To and fro:
The Year is now but a dying Year—
The poor old heir of an icy bier!
As he goes, we must go.

They have said in a glorious Land away,
In a Land beyond the sea,
That as Autumn here has gorgeous hues,
We should paint her gorgeously.
I know that the Frost-King brightly sheens
The mazy wood in the cool, calm eves,
And at morning the Autumn proudly leans
Like a glorious woman on the leaves;
But the hue on her cheek is a hectic hue,
And the splendor soon must leave her eyes,

And a mist creep over the orbs of blue,
Whenever the rainbow-lustre flies
From the larch and the ash and the maple tree,
And the orchis dies and the aster dies,
And the rain falls drearily.
The rain comes down on the lonely Mere,
And the mist goes up from the wave,
And the pale west Wind sobs low and drear
At night o'er the little grave;
Like a weeping mother the pale Wind sobs
Over the little grave.

Then the trees—that gave, in the summer time,
Each One his different tone,
This glad and proud as a cymbal's chime,
That making a harp-like moan—
All falling in with the Wind that grieves
O'er the little grave and the withered leaves,
Together make a moan,
While the desolate moon weeps half the night
In a misty sky alone;
Not a star to be seen in the misty night—
The moon and the sky alone.

Yet a grandeur broods over all the wo,
And a music's in every moan—
As through the forest-pass I go,
The cloud and I alone;
I face the blast and I croon a song,
An old song dear to me,
Because I know that the song was made
By a Poet—now in the grave-yard laid—
Who was fashioned tenderly.

O, great mild Heart!—O, pale dead Bard!
For thee on the withered grass,
When the Autumn comes, and the pale Wind counts,
Like a weak wan nun with fingers cold,
Her string of leaves by the forest founts,
I chant a Poet's mass;
And the mist goes up like incense rolled,
And the Trees bow down like friars stoled.—

Away!—Away! for the mass is said,
And it breaks the heart to think long of the dead:
But where can I go that the Winds do not sing?
To the house? Ah! there they will knock at the doors,

Or stalk, with a pale-mouthed muttering,
Like ghosts through the lonesome corridors.

O, Land away o'er the dark-blue sea!
The good God loves us too:
The Year is with us as it is with thee—
For he weareth every hue.
It is from the darkness and the blight,
That we love the bloom and we know the light.

Gloomily strikes the coward Blast
On the sad face of the Mere:
To and fro are the dead leaves cast,
To and fro:
The Year is now but a dying Year—
The poor old heir of an icy bier!
As he goes, we must go.

THE NORTH EDDA.[1]

Noble was the old North Edda,
  Filling many a noble grave,
That "for Man the one thing needful
  In his world is to be brave."

This the Norland's blue-eyed mother
  Nightly chanted to her child,
While the Sea-King, grim and stately,
  Looked upon his boy and smiled.

And the boy, grown up a Sea-King,
  Grasped the old ancestral spear—
Ever in the Jotun-battle
  Foremost, only fearing Fear.

If the Valkyrs did not choose him
  In some combat for the dead—
If, when old, and gray, and wasted,
  He was dying in his bed—

He would bid the kings to lay him
In his ship, and spread her sail—
Then, with slow fire burning, give her
To the white god of the gale.

So he went, a death-hymn breathing
Feebly in his snowy beard—
So by fire within the Ocean
Was the Ocean-King interred.

Odin crowned his stately spirit
In the Hero's hall of shells,
Far away from Hela's darkness
And the coward's hell of hells.

Let us learn that old North Edda,
Chanted grandly on the grave:
Still for Man the one thing needful
In his world is to be brave.

Valkyrs yet are forth and choosing
Who must be among the slain:
Let us, like that grim old Sea-King,
Smile at Death upon the plain:

Smile at tyrants leagued with falsehood,
Knowing Truth, eternal, stands
With the Book God wrote for Freedom
Always open in her hands;

Smile at fear when in our duty;
Smile at Slander's Jotun-breath;
Smile upon our shrouds when summoned
Down the darkling deep of Death.

Valor only grows a manhood—
Only this upon our sod
Keeps us in the golden shadow
Falling from the throne of God.

GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

[This Poem is affectionately dedicated to the Memory of Colonel Heman Childs.]

Here are the houses of the dead. Here youth
And age, and manhood, stricken in his strength,
Hold solemn state, and awful silence keep,
While Earth goes murmuring in her ancient path,
And troubled Ocean tosses to and fro
Upon his mountainous bed impatiently,
And many stars make worship musical
In the dim-aisled abyss, and over all
The Lord of Life in mediation sits
Beneath the large white dome of Immortality.
Made quiet by the awe, I pause and think
Among these walks lined with the frequent tombs;
For it is very wonderful. Afar
The populous city lifts its tall, bright spires,
And snowy sails are glancing on the bay,
As if in merriment—but here all sleep.
They sleep, these calm, pale people of the past:

Spring plants her rosy feet on their dim homes—
They sleep!—Sweet Summer comes and calls, and calls
With all her passionate poetry of flowers
Wed to the music of the soft south wind—
They sleep!—The lonely Autumn sits and sobs
Between the cold white tombs, as if her heart
Would break—they sleep!—Wild Winter comes and chants
Majestical the mournful sagas learn'd
Far in the melancholy North, where God
Walks forth alone upon the desolate seas—
They slumber still: Sleep on, O passionless dead!
Ye make our world sublime: ye have a power
And majesty the living never hold.
Here Avarice shall forget his den of gold;
Here Lust his beautiful victim, and hot Hate
His crouching foe. Ambition here shall lean
Against Death's shaft, veiling the stern, bright eye
That, over-bold, would take the height of gods,
And know Fame's nothingness. The sire shall come,
The matron and the child, through many years,
To this fair spot, whether the pluméd hearse
Moves slowly through the winding walks, or Death
For a brief moment pauses: all shall come

To feel the touching eloquence of graves:
And therefore it was well for us to clothe
The place with beauty. No dark terror here
Shall chill the generous tropic of the soul,
But Poetry, and her starry comrade, Art,
Shall make the sacred country of the Dead
Magnificent. The fragrant flowers shall smile
Over the low, green graves; the trees shall shake
Their soul-like cadences upon the tombs;
The little lake, set in a paradise
Of wood, shall be a mirror to the moon
What time she looks from her imperial tent
In long delight at all below; the sea
Shall lift some stately dirge he loves to breathe
Over dead nations, while calm sculptures stand
On every hill, and look like spirits there
That drink the harmony. Oh, it is well!
Why should a darkness scowl on any spot
Where man grasps immortality? Light, light,
And art, and poetry, and eloquence,
And all that we call glorious, are its dower.

O, ye whose mouldering frames were brought an placed

By pious hands within these flowery slopes
And gentle hills, where are ye dwelling now?
For man is more than element. The soul
Lives in the body as the sunbeam lives
In trees or flowers that were but clay without.
Then where are ye, lost sunbeams of the mind?
Are ye where great Oriōn towers and holds
Eternity on his stupendous front?
Or where pale Neptune in the distant space
Shows us how far, in His creative mood,
With pomp of silence and concentred brows,
The Almighty walked? Or haply ye have gone
Where other matter roundeth into shapes
Of bright beatitude: or do ye know
Aught of dull space or time, and its dark load
Of aching weariness?

They answer not.

But He whose love created them of old,
To cheer His solitary realm and reign,
With love will still remember them.

THE HUSBAND TO HIS DYING WIFE.

Be gentle, gentle! she will soon
Pass from my sight away;
Gently, most gently! soon the light
Must leave the lovely clay,
Making me desolate. Awhile
I shall behold her tender smile
Beam like an Eden-ray;
And I must walk when it has flown
Along the world's great paths alone.

I will be gentle as the wind
That comes from out the west
On soft, low-murmuring wings to lay
A dying rose to rest.
I'll walk about her couch as mild
As leaves a-falling in a wild
That takes its Autumn-guest;
Or sit and watch her feeble breath,
As calm as Love *can* watch for death.

Pale, beauteous One! I know full well
Thy heart is also wrung
That round the bridal rose a wreath
Of solemn cypress clung;
I know it by a mournful sign,
For when thy thin white hand's in mine,
It trembles like a bird among
The icy branches, while she knows
That winter calleth to repose:

I know it by the tender tone
That shades thy voice; for thou
Didst try to speak some words to me
Last night, when on thy brow
I pressed a mournful kiss. Thy word
Went off into the past, unheard,
As day is passing now;
But yet its *music* spoke of grief,
And bridal hours which were so brief.

O, dear One! when thy form is cold,
And heaven hath won my star;
When I must struggle on through life,
Impatient of its war;

How can I walk in lonely eves,
Under the old familiar leaves,
  Knowing that thou 'rt afar?
And yet where else, when thou 'rt away,
Can I go out to weep and pray?

Now listen, Love! one hope alone,
  Life of my life! can cheer
My tortured soul when thou hast gone
  Into the upper sphere—
That thou, even there, where spirits dwell
On fields of fadeless asphodel,
  By glory's large, bright mere—
That even there, in God's pure climes,
Thou, thou wilt think of me sometimes.

Oh, dearest! when I too shall go,
  Thy heaven's resplendent things
May dance upon my startled sight,
  Like strange and brilliant wings,
Confusedly; then come, my Love!
Come swiftly from thy house above
  To me with minis'trings,
And kiss me on my brightening brow,
Thus, thus as I do kiss thee now.

THE KINGS OF SORROW.

I.

Beauty is on the tremble of our trees
While South winds woo them in their lonely wild,
And Power is throned on yonder azure seas—
But thou alone hast joy from these, my glorious child.
To thee alone the Earth
Is drunk with sunshine, flowers and mirth,
While through her far, continuous plains,
The rivers blue rejoicing roll,
As if they warmed swelling veins,
And she possessed a living soul.
Go forth—go forth, thou small, unthoughtful one,
Through bloomy wood, and by the bright, broad sea;
Live while thou mayst, a courtier of the sun;
Let Joy alone thy guardian angel be.
Why shouldst thou list to aught like me?
Ah! soon enough the cloud is o'er us wrought
When left the Eden of our infancy:

The swords are set—the world is dearly bought—
With manhood Thought appears, and sorrow stands by
Thought.

II.

But ye, my brethren, hear!
Ye who like me have left youth's Paradise;
Ye who like me do go with mournful eyes,
Yet bravely, to the bier:
Of Kings! made Kings by sorrow proudly borne,
Who in your grief are not forlorn:
O, Princes, equal in your tearless wo!
O, Monarchs, of this world the noblest part!
O, Hierarchs, that fear no overthrow!
O, Emperors, let me clasp ye to my heart!
Then after lordly welcome we will go
Up some old mountain where we may commune
On angel-trodden crags—earth far below,
And just above a mild and mournful moon.
Silence I know is great: but brothers, we
Kept silence long enough: speech, too, is great,
When men for earnest words assembled be,
Right opposite the cold black eyes of Fate.

III.

There we will sit, and calmly tell
Of all that in the olden day befell:
Of how the winds in solemn state,
Like harpers pale, go desolate
Through many a ruined city's gate:
And how the bards have ever worn
That grand and melancholy mien,
When walking from the Inner Place.
Where only bards have been;
And how the Strong have ever hurled
The Beautiful about the world:
And how there's not a dell or plain
Of earth but shows a guilty stain;
And how the Nations grovel now
Through burning dust, with bleeding lips,
And fettered arm, and pallid brow,
In Freedom's swart eclipse.
Brothers! the Storm is silent while we speak;
The awe-struck Cloud hath paused above the peak;
The far Volcano statelier waves on high
His smoking censer to the solemn sky;
And see, the troubled Ocean folds his hands
With a great patience on the yellow sands.

IV.

Why are we sorrowful?—Such wide-browed sadness,
If felt for self *alone*, is but a madness—
Why are we sorrowful? The Nations groan
In a funereal shade;
Men are afraid
To love each other, and a brazen tone
Of triumph therefore clangs from throne to throne.
See Asia moaning forth her hours of night;
See Afric wandering round her withered plains;
See Europe kneeling with a prayer for *Light;*
And thou, America! still wearing chains.
Why are we sorrowful? Because we dare
To think, and gaze at Evil in its lair,
With pity and not hate, but how if HE
Must Evil have in His world-ministry.
Why are we sorrowful? Because we stand
A proud, though mournful band,
And mountain-souled receive each cloudy curse—
Staring in every place the dread fact face to face,
That sorrow broods o'er all the Universe.
Mournful is the sunny day—
Tombs are darkling in its ray;
Mournful is the starry night,

With a million worlds in sight.
Who can say there is no wo
Behind the planets' golden glow?
Who can say that they have never
Heard the words of sorrow spoken?
Yes, on every shining planet
Tears are shed and hearts are broken:
One law alike for all must be,
And every world hath had its Calvary.

v.

Was He not sad amid the grief and strife,
The Lord of light and life,
Whose torture made humanity divine
Upon that woful hill of Palestine?
Then is it not far better thus to be
Thoughtful, and brave, and melancholy,
Than given up to idiot revelry
Amid the unreligious brood of folly?
For our sorrow is a worship, worship true, and pure and calm,
Sounding from the choir of duty like a high, heroic psalm,
In its very darkness bearing to the bleeding heart a balm.
Brothers, we must have no wailing: do we agonise alone?

Look at all the pallid millions; hear a universal moan,
From the mumbling, low-browed Bushman to a Lytton on his throne.
Nor shall we have coward faltering: Brothers! we must be sublime
By due labor at the forges blazing in the cave of time:
Knowing life was made for duty, and that only cowards prate
Of a search for Happy Valleys and the hard decrees of fate:
Seeing through this night of mourning all the future as a star,
And a joy at last appearing on the centuries afar,
When the meaning of the sorrow, when the mystery shall be plain,
When the Earth shall see her rivers roll through Paradise again.
O! the vision gives to sorrow something white and purple-plumed:
Even the hurricane of Evil comes a hurricane perfumed.

THE LIBERTY BELL.[2]

A SOUND like a sound of thunder rolled,
And the heart of a nation stirred—
For the bell of Freedom, at midnight tolled,
Through a mighty land was heard.
And the chime still rung
From its iron tongue
Steadily swaying to and fro;
And to some it came
Like a breath of flame—
And to some a sound of wo.

Above the dark mountain, above the blue wave
It was heard by the fettered, and heard by the brave—
It was heard in the cottage, and heard in the hall—
And its chime gave a glorious summons to all—
The sabre was sharpened—the time-rusted blade
Of the Bond started out in the pioneer's glade
Like a herald of wrath: And the host was arrayed!

Along the dark mountain, along the blue wave
Swept the ranks of the Bond—swept the ranks of the Brave;
And a shout as of waters went up to the dome,
When a star-blazing banner unfurled,
Like the wing of some Seraph flashed out from his home,
Uttered freedom and hope to the world.

O'er the hill-top and tide its magnificent fold,
With a terrible glitter of azure and gold,
In the storm, in the sunshine, and darkness unrolled.
It blazed in the valley—it blazed on the mast—
It leaped with its eagle abroad on the blast;
And the eyes of whole nations were turned to its light;
And the heart of the multitude soon
Was swayed by its stars, as they shone through the night
Like an ocean when swayed by the moon.

Again through the midnight that Bell thunders out,
And banners and torches are hurried about:—
A shout as of waters! a long-uttered cry!
How it leaps, how it leaps from the earth to the sky!
From the sky to the earth, from the earth to the sea,
Hear a chorus reëchoed, "THE PEOPLE ARE FREE!"

That old Bell is still seen by the Patriot's eye,
And he blesses it ever, when journéying by;
Long years have passed o'er it, and yet every soul
Will thrill in the night to its wonderful roll—
For it speaks in its belfry, when kissed by the blast,
Like a glory-breathed tone from the mystical Past.
Long years shall roll o'er it, and yet every chime
Shall unceasingly tell of an era sublime
More splendid, more dear than the rest of all time.
O yes! if the flame on our altars should pale,
Let its voice but be heard, and the Freeman shall start
To rekindle the fire, while he sees on the gale,
All the Stars and the Stripes of the Flag of his heart!

THE AMERICAN FLAG IN 1850.

INSCRIBED TO DANIEL WEBSTER.

"We regard the American Banner as already severed."
From a Faction Newspaper.

It is *not* severed! No! as soon
The sister stars by tempest-rack
Shall be divided in their sky—
And darkle into chaos back.
No! there it floats, with every hue
Undimm'd as when it first unfurled
Against the storm, and proudly threw
Defiance to the tyrant world.

Clime of the valiant and the tried!
Where MARION fought and WARREN died,
Where MONMOUTH still to GUILDFORD calls,
And Valor walks through VERNON'S halls,
While Honor muses in the gloom
And glory of the hero's tomb,

Or chants that grand old lay she made
  Accordant with the dark blue seas,
That murmur mild where Freedom laid
  Her lion-souled MILTIADES:
Land of the forest and the glen!
Thou hardy nurse of hardy men!
Land of the mountain and the lake!
  Of rivers rolled from sea to sea,
In that broad grandeur fit to make
  The symbols of eternity!
O, fairest clime! O, dearest land!
  Who shall your banded children sever?
God of our fathers! here we stand
From Plymouth's rock to Georgia's strand—
Heart pressed to heart, hand linked in hand—
  And swear "the UNION lives for ever!"

Then float, float on, thou Banner bright
With glory from the olden fight!
Yes! stainless standard of the brave,
Thy wreath of stars still decks the wave
Where Honor once her LAWRENCE rolled
To quiet in thy spangled fold.

Still shining Banner of the free,
The shackled nations turn to thee;
And when at home thy shadow falls
Along the armory's trophied walls,
The ancient trumpets long for breath—
  The dinted sabres fiercely start
To vengeance from each clanging sheath
  As if they sought some traitor's heart.

O sacred Banner of the brave!
  O standard of a thousand ships!
O guardian of the patriot's grave!
  Come! let us press thee to our lips!
There is a trembling of the rocks—
New England feels the patriot-shocks;
There is a trembling of the lakes—
The West, the mighty West awakes;
There is a noise amid the pines—
  The white magnolias whiter bloom;
Upon the South new glory shines,
  And see the heave of Pinckney's tomb:
Behold! the troubled air is dark
  With martial ghosts—the hills are bright
With bands of living men, and hark!

Their voices come in mingled might—
"The Right shall live while faction dies;
The traitors draw a fleeting breath,
But patriots drink from God's own eyes
Truth's light that conquers Death.
Then, fairest Flag! Then, dearest Land!
Who shall your banded children sever?
God of our fathers! here we stand
From PLYMOUTH'S rock to GEORGIA'S strand—
Heart pressed to heart, hand linked in hand,
And swear, "THE UNION LIVES FOR EVER!"

THE GODS OF OLD.[3]

——————August and beautiful
In spite of pangs.— *Wilson.*

Not realmless sit the ancient Gods
Upon their mountain-thrones
In that old glorious Grecian Heaven
Of regal zones.
A languor o'er their stately forms
May lie,
And a sorrow on their wide white brows,
King-dwellers of the Sky!
But theirs is still that large imperial throng
Of starry thoughts and firm but quiet wills,
That murmured past the blind old King of Song,
When staring round him on the Thunderer's hills.

They cannot fade, though other creeds
Came burdened with their curse,
And One's apotheosis was
A darkened Universe.

No tempest heralded His orient light;
No fiery portent walked the solemn night;
No conquerer's blood-red banner was unfurled;
No volcan shook its warning torch on high;
No earthquake tore the pulses of the world;
No pale sun wandered through a swarthy sky;
Only the conscious Spheres
Amid the silence shed some joyous tears,
And then, as rainbows come, He came
With morning's rosy flame.
The Stars looked from their palaces whose spires
And windows caught afar the prophet-glow,
And bade their choirs sing to the sweetest lyres
"Peace and Good Will unto the Orb below."
Jove shuddered and turned sick at heart,
And from his white hands fell
The sceptre with a thunderous sound
Before that miracle:
Ah, sick at soul! but they, the Bards—
Song's calm Immortals—in the eclipse
Thronged up and held the nectar cup
To his pale lips.
Then falling back, and taking lower thrones,
That glistened round the heavenly zones,

At first the minstrels lightly stirr'd
Certain melodious strings,
While the startled tempest-bearing bird
Poised tremblingly his wings.
But loftier soon their harps resounded,
And louder yet their voices rolled
Among the arches, and rebounded
Dreamily from the roofs of gold.

HYMN OF THE BARDS.

I.

"Ye cannot leave your thronéd spheres
Though FAITH is o'er,
And a mightier ONE than Jove appears
On Earth's expectant shore,"—
Slowly the daring words went trampling through th
halls.
"Nor in the Earth, nor Hell, nor Sky,
The IDEAL, O ye Gods! can ever die,
But to the soul of man unceasing calls.

II.

Still Jove, sublime, shall wrap
His awful eyebrows in Olympian shrouds,
Or take along the Heaven's dark wilderness
His thunder-chase behind the hunted Clouds.
And mortal eyes upturnéd shall behold
Apollo's robe of gold
Sweep through the long blue corridor of the sky
That, kindling, speaks its Deity:
And He, the Ruler of the Sunless Land
Of restless ghosts, shall fitfully illume
With smouldering fires, that stir in caverned eyes,
Hell's mournful House of Gloom.

III.

Still the ethereal Huntress, as of old,
Shall roam amid the sacred Latmos mountains,
And lave her virgin limbs in waters cold
That Earth holds up for her in marble fountains.
And, in his august dreams along the Italian streams,
That poor old Saturn, with his throneless frown,
Will feebly grasp the air for his lost crown,
Then murmur sadly low of his great overthrow.

IV.

Wrapt in his sounding mail shall he appear,
War's giant Charioteer!
And where the conflict reels
Urge through the swaying lines his crashing wheels:
Or pause to hear, amid the horrent shades,
The deep, hoarse cry of Battle's hungry Blades
Led by the thirsty Spear—
Till at the weary Combat's close
They give their passionate thanks
Amid the panting ranks of conquered foes,—
Then, drunken with their god's red wine,
Go swooning to repose around his purple shrine.

V.

And He, the Trident-wielder, still shall see
The adoring Billows kneel around his feet,
While at his nod the Winds in ministry
Before their altar of the Tempest meet:
Or—leaning gently over Paphian isles
Cheered by the music of some Triton's horn
Hailing the opening rose of Morn—
Lift up the starry curtain of the Night
To its dim window tops above,

And bathe thy dewy eyelids with the light,
Voluptuous Queen of Love!
And thou, ah, thou!—
Awaking from thy slumber, thou shalt press
Thy passionate lips upon the Sea-Lord's brow
In some sweet, lone recess,
Where waters murmur and the dim leaves bow.
And young Endymion
At Night's ethereal noon,
Shall still be watched o'er by the love-sick Moon,
Who thrills to find him in some lonely vale
Before her silver lamp may fail:
And Pan shall play his pleasant reeds
Down in the lonesome glen,
And young-eyed Fawns on charméd meads
Waylay Muse-haunted men.

VI.

Nor absent She whose eyes of azure throw
Truth's sun-burst on the world below—
Seen by the Titan in his pains
Wrought by the frost, the vulture and the chains:
Yes, Titan still, despite of Jove's red ire,
Who sees, through calm and storm,

Earth's ancient vales rejoicing in his fire,
The homes and loves of men—those beings wrought
To many a beauteous form
In the grand quiet of his own great thought.
And over all, white, beautiful, serene,
And changeless in thy prime,
Thou, PSYCHE, shalt be seen
Whispering forever that one word sublime,
Down the dim peopled galleries of Time—
'Eternity!' in whose dread circle stand
Men and their Deities alike on common land."

Like far-off stars that glimmer in a cloud,
Deathless, O Gods! shall ye illume the PAST:
To ye the poet-voice will call aloud,
"Faithful among the faithless" to the last.
Ye must not die!
Long as the dim robes of the Ages trail
O'er IDA'S steep, or TEMPE'S flowery vale,
Ye shall not die!
Your mouldering Delphos only did make moan,
And feel eclipse
Fall like a storm-cloud from Jehovah's throne
Upon her withered lips.

Though time and tempest your old temples rend,
And rightly men to our One Only bend,
Ye were the forms in which the ancient mind
Its darkling sense of Deity enshrined.
No pious hand need weave your royal palls:
To Sinai now Olympus, reverent, calls,
And Ida leans to hear Mount Zion's voice.
Gods of the Past! your shapes are in our halls,
Upon our clime your glorious presence falls,
And Christian hearts with Grecian souls rejoice.

THE MOUNDS OF AMERICA.[4]

Nothing but ashes left behind.
Dr. Mayo.

Come to the mounds of Death with me. They stretch
From deep to deep, sad, venerable, vast,
Graves of gone empires—gone without a sign,
Like clouds from heaven. They stretched from deep to deep
Before the Roman smote his mailéd hand
On the gold portals of the dreaming East;
Before the Pleiad, in white trance of song,
Beyond her choir of stars went wandéring.

The great old Trees, ranked on these hills of Death,
Have melancholy hymns about all this;
And when the Moon walks her inheritance
With slow, imperial pace, the Trees look up
And chant in solemn cadence. Come and hear.

"O patient Moon! go not behind a cloud,
But listen to our words. We, too, are old,
Though not so old as thou. The ancient towns,
The cities thronéd far apart like queens,
The shadowy domes, the realms majestical,
Slept in thy younger beams. In every leaf
We hold their dust, a king in every trunk.
We, too, are very old; the wind that wails
In our broad branches, from swart Ethiop come
But now, wailed in our branches long ago,
Then come from darkened Calvary. The Hills
Lean'd ghastly at the tale that wan Wind told;
The Streams crept shuddering through the tremulous dark;
The Torrent of the North, from morn till eve,
On his steep ledge hung pausing; and o'er all
Such silence fell, we heard the conscious Rills
Drip slowly in the caves of central earth.
So were the continents by His crownéd grief
Together bound, before that Genoese
Flamed on the dim Atlantic: so have we,
Whose aspect faced the scene, unchallenged right
Of language unto all, while memory holds.

"O patient Moon! go not behind a cloud,
But hear our words. We know that thou didst see
The whole that we would utter—thou that wert
A worship unto realms beyond the flood—
But we are very lonesome on these mounds,
And speech doth make the burden of sad thought
Endurable; while these, the people new,
That take our land, may haply learn from us
What wonder went before them; for no word
E'er came from thee, so beautiful, so lone,
Throned in thy still domain, superbly calm
And silent as a god.

Here empires rose and died;
Their very dust, beyond the Atlantic borne
In the pale navies of the chartered wind,
Stains the white Alp. Here the proud city ranged
Spire after spire, like star ranged after star
Along the dim empyrean, till the air
Went mad with splendor, and the dwellers cried,
"Our walls have married Time!"—Gone are the marts
The insolent citadels, the fearful gates,
The pictured domes that curved like starry skies;
Gone are their very names! The royal Ghost

Cannot discern the old imperial haunts,
But goes about pelplexéd like a mist
Between a ruin and the awful stars.
Nations are laid beneath our feet. The bard
Who stood in song's prevailing light, as stands
The apocalyptic angel in the sun,
And rained melodious fire on all the realms;
The prophet pale, who shuddered in his gloom,
As the white cataract shudders in its mist;
The hero shattering an old kingdom down
With one clear trumpet's will; the boy, the sage,
Subject and Lord, the beautiful, the wise—
Gone, gone to nothingness.

The years glide on,
The pitiless years! and all alike shall fail,
State after State reared by the wondering sea,
Or where the Hudson goes unchalleged past
The ancient warder of the Palisades,
Or, where, rejoicing o'er the enormous cloud,
Beam the blue Alleghanies—all shall fail:
The Ages chant their dirges on the peaks;
The palls are ready in the peopled vales;
And nations fill one common sepulchre.

Nor goes the Earth on her dark way alone.
Each star in yonder vault doth hold the dead
In its funeréal deeps: Arcturus broods
Over vast sepulchres that had grown old
Before the earth was made: the Universe
Itself is but one mighty cemetery
Rolling around its central, solemn sun.

"O patient Moon! go not behind a cloud,
But listen to our words. We, too, must die—
And thou!—the vassal stars shall fail to hear
Thy queenly voice over the azure fields
Calling at sunset. They shall fade. The Earth
Shall look, and miss their sweet, familiar eyes,
And, crouching, die beneath the feet of God.
Then come the glories, then the nobler times,
For which the Orbs travailed in sorrow; then
The mystery shall be clear, the burden gone;
And surely men shall know why nations came
Transfigured for the pangs; why not a spot
On this wide world but hath a tale of wo;
Why all this glorious Universe is Death's.

Go, Moon! and tell the stars, and tell the suns,
Impatient of the wo, the strength of him
Who doth consent to death; and tell the climes
That meet thy mournful eyes, one after one,
Through all the lapses of the lonesome night,
The pathos of repose, the might of Death!"

The voice is hushed; the great old Wood is still:
The Moon, like one in meditation, walks
Behind a cloud. We, too, have theme for thought,
While, as a Sun, God takes the West of Time,
And smites the Pyramid of Eternity.
A shadow lengthens over many worlds
Doomed to the dark mausoleum and mound.

THE SONG OF OLD.

O! SING to me, sing to me, thus, as of old;
Keep singing that song of the years
Which you sung ere the form that we cherished lay cold
In the sepulchre wet with our tears.
Let the music be low as the dirges that sweep
Through the dark-waving funéral leaves
As they tremulous hang o'er her beautiful sleep
In the light of the lone autumn-eves.

Dost remember how often her mild-beaming eyes
So tenderly gazed upon you,
And it seemed that the myriad orbs of the skies
Were all rival-like looking down too,
While her low pleasant love-words were heard in the night
Like the music of rose-muffled rills
Now shining to view, and now hid from the sight
In the shadow of far-away hills?

Like the soul of some music too sweet for the earth,
Like a rainbow that sparkles on day
But to fade in the moment that ushered its birth,
Ah! thus has she faded away!
Then sing to me, sing to me thus, as of old;
Keep singing that song of the years
Which you sung ere the form that we cherished lay cold
In the sepulchre wet with our tears.

NATURE'S EVENING PRAYER.

Will ye e'er doubt the power of God supreme?
John Savage.

VAINLY hath the sophist spoken—
"Fate will not renew her scroll;
Nature's order is unbroken;
Prayer can never help the soul!"

God himself, through us replying,
Bids the deeper-eyed declare
How, when day is softly dying,
Nature folds her hands in prayer.

See our mother nightly kneeling
By her moon-lit mountain shrine,
While the stars, through twilight stealing,
Make a rosary divine:

Hear her solemn voice ascending
  Softly through the silent air:
Brothers! round her, breathless, bending,
  Listen to her evening prayer:—

God of glory! God of wonder!
Of the silence and the thunder!
Guard us through our slumbers lonely,
God, the God that liveth only!

In Thy shadow nations sleep;
Who but Thou canst nations keep?
  Guard the city gone to rest;
Guard the wanderer in the wild;
Guard the mother, and the child
  Breathing softly on her breast;
Guard the maiden: I have given
  To her lips my coral dyes;
Brought from Eden's earliest heaven,
  Light and shadow for her eyes.
Like a folded rose's sleep,
  Folded by some silver sea
Where the waves, enchanted, swoon
At the wonder of the moon,
  Let her own sweet slumber be.

Guard the shepherd on the rocks,
Sleeping 'mid his sleeping flocks;
Guard the sailor on the sea;
Bid the tempest crouch by Thee—
Only loose the wind that creeps
Gently o'er the dark-blue deeps.
Guard the bird upon the bough;
  Shield from harm the helpless kine,
Crouched beneath the silver moon,
  With Thy influence divine.
Bid the Earthquake only dream
Of some shaking city's scream;
Bid the volcan's smoke be curled
Very lightly o'er the world,
And the plague's pale angel stand
By Thy throne with sheathéd brand.
Let the rudest sound that comes,
  Be the Earth's low breathing, while
She is sleeping through the night,
  In the Moon's benignant smile.

God of glory! God of wonder!
Of the silence and the thunder!

Guard us through our slumbers lonely,
God, the God who liveth only!

Vainly hath the sophist spoken—
"Fate will not renew her scroll!"
Though the order is unbroken,
Prayer can glorify the soul:

Glorify her like a vision
Painted on life's battle gloom,
Where she may behold elysian
Ladders rising from the tomb.

PEACE.

Peace! Long-lost Peace!—O, let me turn and look
Into the sad world of my soul, and find
What radiant Shapes may wander through some nook
In Memory's moonlight shrined!
Come, blesséd Shapes, that shone like Eden beams
When boyhood's sinless time was given to me,
Dancing along Life's rose-embowered streams,
And by the bounding sea.
No Spirit is so poor within his sphere,
That Beauty sits not on some lonely mountain,
Or angels walk not in the noon to hear
The singing bird and fountain:
The very fiends that haunt the dark deep dells,
Will sometimes smile and dream of brighter hours,
Wreathing around Remorse's slumbering hells
The peaceful Lotus flowers.

AVELINE—A SONG.

———The sunny eyes of the maiden fair
Give answer better than voice or pen,
That as he loves he is loved again.—*C. C. Leeds.*

E me dearly, love me dearly with your heart and
with your eyes;
isper all your sweet emotions, as they gushing, blush-
ing rise:
ow your soft white arms about me;
you cannot live without me:
, you are my Aveline; say, that you are only mine,
t you cannot live without me, young and rosy
Aveline!

'e me dearly, dearly, dearly: speak your love-words
silver-clearly,
[may not doubt thus early of your fondness, of your
truth.
ss, oh! press your throbbing bosom closely, warmly
to my own:

Fix your kindled eyes on mine—say you live for me alone,
While I fix my eyes on thine,
Lovely, trusting, artless, plighted; plighted, rosy Aveline!

Love me dearly; love me dearly: radiant dawn upon my gloom:
Ravish me with Beauty's bloom:—
Tell me "Life has yet a glory: 'tis not all an idle story!"
As a gladdened vale in noonlight; as a weary lake in moonlight,
Let me in thy love recline:
Show me life has yet a splendor in my tender Aveline

Love me dearly, dearly, dearly with your heart and with your eyes:
Whisper all your sweet emotions as they gushing blushing rise.
Throw your soft white arms around me; say you *live not* till you found me—
Say it, say it, Aveline! whisper you are only mine;
That you cannot live without me, as you throw your arms about me,
That you *cannot* live without me, artless, rosy Aveline

MARY STAR.

'Mid the breath of sleeping flowers,
  Star and moon just met above,
In the shade of forest bowers,
  Kneeling, told I of my love;
Spirit voices fell from far,
  And upon our trysting lonely,
  Looked the eyes of angels only—
                Mary Star!

Not as evening lights that steal
  One by one through purple skies,
Didst thou, loveliest, reveal
  Beauty's pearly paradise
Like the full orbed moon afar,
  Bursting through the cloud-rift hoary,
  Thou didst shine in perfect glory—
                Mary Star!

Brightly flashed thine eyes on mine—
  Eyes of midnight, soft and deep

As the cherub-eyes that shine
Over childhood's rosy sleep,
Ere the curse hath shown its scar:
And my brain with a strange gladness,
Thrilled until I felt a madness,
MARY STAR!

Still I see those gentle eyes—
Still, oh, still! but not on mine
Do they with a wild surprise
Deep and dark and lustrous shine;
They are bent on One afar.
Why didst thou in light elysian
Glitter but a phantom-vision—
MARY STAR!

Better! better hadst thou died
While thy heart as yet was young—
Gone to death in maiden pride
With thy soul yet sweetly strung!
Voices then from Heaven afar,
Would have whispered, "why this weeping?
She above thee, waking, sleeping,
Is an angel-vigil keeping!"—
MARY STAR!

LAST WORDS OF WASHINGTON.

What came from the understanding of Washington, in counsel or action, was the life and glory of his country.—*Dr. Griswold.*

— So had the Hero lain all night,
ith folded arms, and large white brow serene,
ke the calm statue of a deity,
eposing after some benignant work,
at Grecian genius wrought adoringly,
hen Greece, as yet with harp of serious touch,
nd agonies divine in Delphic deeps,
nd trumpets blown along Olympian peaks,
orshipped the grander Gods. So lay the Chief.
! how unlike the time when he rode forth
o battle, or when he in council sate,
ailed in the supreme splendor of his strength,
nd bearing on his front a nation's will.
ut power, as if it only slumbered, lay
pon his presence yet, and waiting there
r some great circumstance to bid it wake:

And in his eyes the glory lingered still,
When looking round, he saw the stately shapes
Which were unseen by those that near the couch
Kept weeping watch: for all the ample room,
And long dim corridors, and passages
Remote, were filled with the majestic ghosts
Of ancient heroes—come to see him die:
And all the space was breathless with its awe.

So Night went heavily on, with her old pomp
Of spangling stars and dusk magnificence
Unmarked by our sad people: well they knew
That he, the sire and savior of the land,
Was taking death. But when the morning came
The hero rose, as if at his command
Life flushed his stately forehead; and his face
Put on that mild but awful look that bowed
The wills of men, and made the loftiest kings
Rise up to do him reverence; and his voice
Went down like solemn music to the Land.
And all the space was breathless with its awe.

"Not that I shall so soon consent to death;
Not that ye nevermore may hear my voice,

O, men! who dwell where Freedom dwells, and Thought
Hath chartered right to sound the Universe,
I call to ye; for that which I would speak,
So touches your firm weal and majesty,
It hath no need of solemn circumstance.
And yet the time may dignify my speech,
And truths ranged in the spectral shade of death
May hold a grander hue; as mountains loom
More glorious and awful when eclipse
Broods a dread darkness, and all eyes
Are large with expectation and a fear.
O listen that I may die in calm content;
Not trembling lest the Past—troubled by war,
And deeds of high renown, and freedom won,
And clarions sweetly blown for victory,
And Peace at blissful summer on the hills,
Inging a stately hymn, and Government
r thought served and acclamation built—
'as but a dream: but knowing that all things
'ere ordered goldenly—things which a world,
'orn out by crowns and chains and agonies,
ight haply take and so renew its youth.

Nor at the last shall such fruition fail
If ye are wise; nor shall ye know how hard
A Tyrant is—free speech, free thought, free hor
Beat down to make full space for one mad will-
If ye are true, while not a single jar
Comes in to break that august harmony
Made by an hundred States at triumph calm.
Nor fear ambition's loss of ample scope,
Nor lapse of power in that forbearance made
Each unto each. What were the worlds if mo
Alone? and where the light, the symmetry
Without one common love, one common sun
Burning for all? By these the Universe
Is ordered every way; and married orbs
In that bright union there serenely roll
Eternal music to the thrones of God.

"So shall ye rear one undivided front
To all the world beside. So shall ye keep,
In that sweet harmony and orbéd strength,
Compassion for that world whose realms oppose
Breed common ill for each. So shall ye know
How much more glorious a thing it is
To suffer than be wrong; but in the right

And kings your foes, and once their banners out,
Strike bravely and strike home: for Freedom yet
Must walk his mountains mailed: not always his
The robe, the lute soft warbling—but a trump
Pealed in the van, and with a thunderous will,
Bidding at once the foes of Freedom back.
Yet even in the onset let no wrath appear;
But solemn, passionless, serene, march out
As radiant gods, going to cope with night,
By Fate high martialed; who when triumph comes,
Too proud for loud acclaim, walk slowly back,
And smiling take their ancient hills again.
Nor fear assault that ye are mild. For Love,
Though winged with sunbeams, and proclaimed by stir
Of golden flowers, hath deeper strength than Hate
Throned in the tempest: she was elder-born.

—— Ah! more would I entreat, but that I feel
The Present moaning off, and through this shade,
Dropped from the dusky wings of solemn Death,
The Future shows her luminous Universe.
And I do see that scaffolds must be built;
And hosts arrayed; and empires tumbled down;
And errors slain; and kings made sceptreless.

Lo! Knowledge lifts her mountain fire for all,
And not a soul so poor but wreathéd Art
Hath in it built her galleries divine
With the Ideāl; not an eye but takes
Creation in, and unalarmed can view
The Abyss where God went down to make his worlds.
Lo! Labor not unhonored at his task,
But throned in due supremacy with hymns
Majestical, and mellow thunder poured
From golden instruments. Lo! Conquerors come,
Not in red vesture clad, not battle-crowned;
But wreathed with branches torn from forests old
That they subdued; and palm leaves from the waste
That they imparadised—while Asia shouts
'We shall have war no more!' and Europe cries,
'No more shall battle come!' And all the seas,
And all the lands in hallelujahs join,
'O, victory! the Lord of Peace shall rule!'"

There is an awful silence in the sky,
When, after wondrous deeds and light supreme,
A star goes out in golden prophecy.
There is an awful silence in the world,
When after wondrous deeds and light supreme,

›tres refused and forehead crowned with truth,
[ero ‹ies, with all the future clear
›re him; and his voice made jubilant
›oming glories; and his nation hushed
:hough they heard the farewell of a god.
reat man is to earth as God to heaven.

LAST WORDS OF NAPOLEON.[5]

We looked and saw the Wonder on his throne;
We raised our eyes again, and lo, his place was gone
Leigh.

Ye must not lay this body where
My Star of Majesty arose
And glittered in the troubled air
Until it sunk beneath my foes.
I would not that my form should lie
Where every reckless passer-by
Will shout, exulting, o'er my shroud,
"Is this the One—is this the One
Who said, 'I'll tread as clay the Sun
And set my throne above the cloud?"

But ye my sepulchre must pile
Where seas eternally are hurled
Around this melancholy Isle
Above a battle-withered world:

For it unshaken and sublime
  Shall war with every raging tide,
Standing the comrade here of Time,
  In stern and uncommuning pride—
A symbol of the soul of him
  Who made its majesty his urn,
To which, until the stars are dim,
  Shall poet-monarchs mournful turn.

Upon the Bourbon's throne I trod,
  Wearing the Gaul's imperial crown,
And saw beneath the frown of God
  His Orb of Glory settle down.
I felt the mountains shake in dread
Beneath my young, victorious tread,
And on the Alpine summit met
  The Carthagenian's awful ghost,
Who cried—"My wrath is burning yet
  Against the Roman host:
Go! bid your crimson Eagle wave
His wing above the Cæsar's grave!"

Above the Nile's mysterious flood
  I bade God's battle-angels fly,

Until in clouds of storm and blood
I wrapt the blue and burning sky.
I saw the Centuries rise and bow
To me from Egypt's coffin-lid,
Then plant my standard on the brow
Of her eternal Pyramid.
But over Moscow's hundred spires
My king-subduing sabre reared,
Drew down a Nation's lightning fires
Upon the vessel that I steered—
When at their touch my banner-spread
Shrank into cinders o'er my head,
And men beheld the wreck go down
With sceptre, robe and royal crown.

Then for a time the Nations slept,
While Ruin gazed upon the slain,
And kings who by my chariot wept,
Now gathered up their crowns again:
But with a thunder-sound of fear
Once more I burst upon each ear;
Once more above the wondering World
Went flashing Jena's battle-fold,

And where her tattered flags unfurled
That banner like a storm unrolled.

But He, who in his awful ire
Had lit the dread volcano, came,
And sealed its lips of lurid fire
In pity for a world on flame:
The Rock, the Grave, the gloomy Sea,
Are all that now remain to me.

My Race is run!—but, oh, that I
That Race could now recall!
Not such as these should whisper by;
The Free, the Great should see me die,
And Nations spread my pall.
O, that the vulgar wish to shine
A king—to found a royal-line—
To see assembled monarchs hold
Above me the imperial-gold—
O, that the wish had perished when
It lightened first to dazzle men,
But thunder-strike the hope of Earth
In me expecting Freedom's birth!

For oh, if all the grief and blight
That crowns have scattered down on man
Since first their pestilential night
In Error's sunless vault began,
Upon one canvas broad and high
Could be by painter's pencil hurled,
That canvas hung unto the sky
Would with its margin sweep the world.

WORDSWORTH.[6]

Sunset is on the dial: and I know
My hands are feeble and my head is white
With many snows, and in my dim old eyes
Light plays the miser with a frugal care,
And soon the curtain drops. But still I know,
The soul in sceptred majesty of will
Leaves not the royal dais.

The ancient Winds
Still chant around me all the solemn themes
I learn'd when young; and in the hollow flower
I hear the murmur left there by the bee;
And jubilant rivers laugh and clap their hands
Amid the leaning hills that nurse them there;
And far away I see the mountains lift
Their silent tops to heaven like thoughts
Too vast for speech; and over all, the Sun
Stands by his flaming altar, and beholds,

As he beheld through many centuries gone,
The holocausts of lights roll up through Heaven:
And when the evening calls her starry flock,
I know that Mazzaroth will sit and sing
Within his azure house; and I shall hear
The inmost melody of every star,
And know the meaning of the mystic sea:
And in the deep delight their presence gives,
I shall be calm, and never more complain
That still the play—a venerable play,
World-wide—of this humanity goes on,
Still dark the plot, the issues unperceived.
So, with all things thus filling every sense,
The soul in sceptred majesty of will,
Sits on her royal dais.

Then why should I
My office yield, and let the general hymn
Unheeded harmonize the jangling space?
By action only doth Creation hold
Her charter—and, that gone, the worlds are dead:
Nor is 't in souls which would the noblest be,
To rest contentedly upon old wreaths.
I will not rest and unmelodious die;

But with my full wreath round these thin, white hairs,
And rhythmic lips, and vision kindling up,
March through the silent halls, and bravely pass
Right on into the Land that lies beyond,
Where he, my brother-bard, whose spirit seemed
A mystical bright moon, whose influence wrought
The dull earth's ocean of dim sleep to life
And spectral beauty—that majestic bard,
Who went before, choiring his lofty hymn,
Watches my coming on the Aiden hills.
But what the burden of that latest song
Will be, as yet I know not—nor the rhythm
That shall go beating with her silver feet
The sounding aisles of thought: but this I hope—
A listening world will hear that latest lay,
And seat it near the fireside of its heart
For evermore, and by the embers' light
Look fondly on its face, as men of old
Looked on the faces of the angel guests
Who tarried sometimes in their pastoral homes—
As this last hymn, befitting well the time
And circumstance, shall wear a holiest smile,
And show the might, the loveliness of song;
For Poetry is enthroned by his own right.

I hear his cadences in every breeze;
I see his presence fill the dark-blue lake,
Like an old melody; and I know
He is a living and immortal power.
No matter where he lifts his natural voice,
All men shall crown him as a gentle god
Who, wandering through his heritage of earth,
Makes pleasant music in the lowly huts
Where poor men ply their rugged toil; who smiles
Within the mellow sunbeams, when they paint
The swelling upland, where October sits,
Holding her hands to catch the dropping fruit;
Who stands upon the hazy mountain-top,
Beautiful as the light; who, solemn, chants
Full many a rune in every sunless hall
Down in the deep, deep sea, and sways all things,
The angel of the world: who soars at will
Into the ample air, and walks the storm;
Or waves his wand upon the pensile stars,
Orion and the Pleiades, and rules
Their people by a gentle law; or stands
Imperial in the large red sun, and charms
The sky until its glorious passion finds
An utterance in the thunder and the cloud,

And in the rainbow, chorusing all hues,
And in the splendor of the broad, bright moon
That builds her Venice in a sea of air.
Most haply I shall sing some simple words,
Rich with the wealth experience gives to Time—
An antique tale of beauty and of tears:
Or I may wander in my thought afar
Where men have built their homes in forests vast,
And see the Atlantic rest his weary feet
And lift his large blue eyes on other stars:
Or hear the sire of many waters hoarse
With counting centuries, and rolling through
The dim magnificence of stately woods,
Whose huge trunks sentinel a thousand leagues,
His large libation to the waiting sea;
Then would I join the choral preludes swelling
Between the wondrous acts of that great play
Which Time is prompting in another Land:
Or I may wander in my thought afar
To ruins gray of columns overthrown,
And then lift up a song of tender grief
Amid the glorious temples crumbling there—
The beautiful records of a world which was,
Majestic types of what a world must be:

Or I may turn to themes that have no touch
Of sorrow in them, piloted by Joy,
And raise the burial-stone from many years,
And hear the laugh of youth clear ringing out,
Or feel once more a sweet religious awe,
Such as I felt when floated holy chimes
In boyhood's ear, and such as stern men feel
When, passing by cathedral doors, they hear
A dim-remembered psalm roll softly out
And fill their eyes with tears, they know not why:
Then shall I sing of children blooming o'er
The desolate wide heath of life, like flowers
Which daring men had stolen from paradise,
When near its gate the wearied cherub slept,
Dreaming of heaven. Or to some pastoral haunt
Shall pass my trembling feet? There shall I pour
To Nature, loved in all her many moods,
A hymn sublimely earnest. I shall tell
To all the tribes with what a stately step
She walks the silent wilderness of space,
Which always puts its starry foliage on
At her serene approach, or in her lap
Scatters its harvest-wealth of golden suns:
And many a brook shall murmur in my verse;

And many an Ocean join his cloudy bass;
And many a mountain tower aloft, whereon
The black Storm crouches, with his deep red eyes
Glaring upon the valleys stretched below:
And many a green-wood rock the small, bright birds
To musical sleep beneath the large, full moon;
And many a Star shall lift on high her cup
Of luminous cold chrysolite—set in gold
Chased subtily over by angelic art—
To catch the odorous dews which poets drink
In their wide wanderings; and many a Sun
Shall press the pale lips of the timorous Morn
Couched in the bridal east: and over all
Will brood the visible presence of the ONE
To whom my life has been an earnest chant.
Then let the sunset fall and flush Life's dial!
No matter how the years may smite my frame,
And cast a piteous blank upon my eyes
That seek in vain the old accustomed stars
Which skies hold over blue Winandermere,
Be sure that I, a crownéd bard, will sing
Until within the murmuring bark of verse
My spirit bears majestically away,
Charming to golden hues the gulf of death—

Well knowing that upon my honored grave,
Beside the widowed Lakes that wail for me,
The dust of four great continents will fall
And mingle—thither brought by pilgrims' feet.

DANIEL BOONE.

INSCRIBED TO C. M. CLAY.

Boone, who discovered and made the first settlement in Kentucky, could never endure a neighbor nearer than a dozen miles. At a very advanced age he went to Missouri, then a vast wilderness.

Ha! how the Woods give way before the step
Of these New-Comers! What a sickening smell
Clings round my cabin, wafted from their town
Ten miles away! But yesterday I heard
A stranger's gun sound in the loneliest glen
That yet remains to me; and when I climbed
The mountain there, and stood alone, alone!
Upon its top amid the sounding clouds,
And proudly thought that I was first to crown
That mighty mountain with a Human Soul,
Another's foot-print in the airy sand
Smote my unwilling eyes, and I at once
Was sceptreless, unthroned, there beaten back
To restless thought again. This cannot last:

For I am of the mould that loathes to breathe
The air of multitudes. I must respire
The Universe alone, and hear, alone,
Its Lord walking the ancient wilderness;
And this, because He made me so—no more.

I must away: for action is my life;
And it is base to triumph in a Past,
However big with mighty circumstance,
Danger full-faced and large heroic deed,
If yet a Future calls. It calls to me.
What if some seventy years have thinned this hair,
And dimmed this sight, and made the blood roll on
Less riotous between the banks of life?—
This heart hath vigor yet, and still the woods
Have voices for my ear; and still the stream
Makes music in my thought; and every hour
Can show some awful miracle performed
Within the wilderness; and Danger still
Leans proudly o'er the mountain's dizzy crag,
Bathing his forehead in the passing cloud,
And calls to me with a most taunting voice
To join him there. He shall not call in vain.

Yes! Surely I must go, and drink anew
The splendor that is in the pathless woods,
And wear the blue sky as a coronal,
And bid the torrent sound my conquering march,
And ponder far away from all that mars
The everlasting wonder of the world,
And with each dewy morning wake and feel
As though that world, so fresh, so beautiful
With sunrise and the mist, had just been made.

Farewell, O Dweller of the Towns! One State
Have I made eminent within the wild,
And men from me have that which they call "Peace":
Still do the generations press for room,
And surely they shall have it. Tell them this:
Say "Boone, the old State-Builder, hath gone forth
Again, close on the sunset; and that there
He gives due challenge to that Indian Race
Whose lease to this majestic Land, misused,
It hath pleased God to cancel. There he works—
Away from all his kind, but for his kind—
Unseen, as Ocean's current works unseen,
Piling huge deltas up, where men may rear
Their cities pillared fair, with many a mart

And stately dome o'ershadowing"—should they ask
"What guerdon BOONE would have?"—then answer thus:
"A little wilderness left sacred there
For him to die in; else the poor old man
Must seek that lonely sea whose billows turn
To mournful music on the Oregon,
And in its desolate waters find a grave."
So—but I was not made for talk—Farewell!

MAHOMET—EL AMIN.[7]

"The laborer is greater than his work."
M. Edgeworth Lazarus.

Who is this that comes from Hara? not in kingly pomp and pride,
But a great, free son of Nature, lion-souled and eagle-eyed!

Who is this before whose presence idols tumble to the sod?
While he cries out—"Allah Akbar! and there is no god but God!"

Wandering in the solemn desert, he has wondered, like a child
Not as yet too proud to wonder, at the sun, and star, and wild.

"Oh, thou moon! who made thy brightness? Stars! who hung ye there on high?
Answer! so my soul may worship: I must worship, or I die!"

Then there fell the brooding silence that precedes the thunder's roll;
And the old Arabian Whirlwind called another Arab-soul.

Who is this that comes from Hara? not in kingly pomp and pride,
But a great, free son of Nature, lion-souled and eagle-eyed!

He has stood and seen Mount Hara to the Awful Presence nod;
He has heard from cloud and lightning—"Know there is no god but God!"

Call ye this man an impostor? He was called "The Faithful," when,
A boy he wandered o'er the deserts, by the wild-eyed Arab men.

He was always called "The Faithful." Truth he knew
was Allah's breath;
But the Lie went darkly gnashing through the corridors
of Death.

"He was fierce!" Yes! fierce at falsehood—fierce at
hideous bits of wood,
That the Koreish taught the people made the sun and
solitude.

But his heart was also gentle, and Affection's graceful
palm
Waving in his tropic spirit, to the weary brought a
balm.

"Precepts?" "Have on each compassion:" "Lead
the stranger to your door:"
"In your dealings keep up justice:" "Give a tenth unto
the poor."

"Yet ambitious!" Yes! ambitious—while he heard the
calm and sweet
Aiden-voices sing—to trample troubled Hell beneath
his feet.

"Islam?" Yes! "Submit to Heaven!" "Prophet?"
to the East thou art!
What are prophets but the trumpets blown by God to
stir the heart?

And the great heart of the desert stirred unto that so-
lemn strain,
Rolling from the trump at Hara over Error's troubled
main.

And a hundred dusky millions honor still El Amin's
rod—
Daily chanting—"Allah Akbar! know there is no god
but God!"

Call him then no more "Impostor." Mecca is the Cho-
ral Gate
Where, till Zion's noon shall take them, nations in her
morning wait.

A SONG OF THE SEA.

—— Sailors stand, ——————
And mark thy wake along the waters.
R. H. Stoddard.

FREDERICK JEROME saved (when all others quailed), at the immi-at peril of his own life, a large number of men, women and ildren, from the burning wreck of the "Ocean Monarch."]

I.

WIPE your red swords on the manes
Of your battle-charging steeds;
Trail the banner from the plains
Where your brothers fell like reeds:
On the foam
Pitch the saw-dust from your ships;
Bid your cannon close their lips;
War is thrown into eclipse
By JEROME.

II.

It was on the roaring sea
When the ship was all a-flame
And a-drifting to the lee,
That the gallant sailor came
In his might:
Not to do a deed of blood
Did he dare the flame and flood,
But like Mercy's Angel stood
In the light.

III.

How he leaped upon the deck
Through the thunder and the smoke;
How he lifted o'er the wreck
A pale group that he awoke
From despair—
Let the mother teach her child
Whom he caught from ruin wild,
While the dark Death-Angel smiled
On the glare.

IV.

It was not for Title's star
That he dared the flame and smoke:
O, a nobler feeling far
Lightened through his "heart of oak!"
It was love.
And then an Order old
As the man of Eden's mould,
For the Sailor was unrolled
From above.

V.

O, England! bid thy ships
Of the Line to lie asleep:
Hurl the trumpet from thy lips
Where the caverns of the Deep
Lift their domes:
Thou hast nursed enough of BLAKES;
But one NELSON Nature makes;
So, while Peace her temple takes,
Nurse JEROMES!

22985R

THE STREET FLUTE PLAYER.

Why look so humble, thus
  Stretching thy palms?
"Ah, sir, I'm asking from
  Thee a small alms."—
    No! thou hast earned it well!
    On me thy music fell,
    Soothing rough Passion's swell,
  Like the sea-calms.

Joyful he looked at me,
  Saying—"How few
Give the poor Player thus
  What is his due:"
    Then he passed down the street,
    With firmer, prouder feet,
    On his flute playing sweet
  Bonnets o' Blue.

Then I thought—Melodist,
How many times
Playing airs hallowéd
By the old rhymes,
Must you go through the street
With worn and weary feet,
Unthanked as bells that greet
Towns with their chimes.

Yet, Pilgrim-Melodist!
Poor is the praise,
Or the gold-gift bestowed
For thy sweet lays,
Measured with joys that start
Like rainbows in the heart
Of him who does his part
In the Life-maze.

Action 's its own reward—
Noblest devotion:
Roll if ye wish to live,
Planets and Ocean!

Work is no more a curse:
Labor's our mighty nurse:
What shows the Universe
But God in motion!

CHANT OF THE EAST.

I.

My Soul is often full of Eastern things:
I hear the constant noise of shining wings;
And see as in a dream,
Deserts, and palm trees rise
By many a storied stream,
Beneath unclouded skies:
And if to think of Western things
That this dull, common life so duly brings,
I shut my eyes:
At once I see mild Raphael's lustrous wings
Trailing like sunset clouds through Paradise.
I cannot shut the eyelids of my soul:
I cannot waive away the vision splendid,
Of white-robed men and maidens by the well;
Of tents and camels blended.

Through JERUSALEM'S breathless street,
With folded arms and stately feet,
The Prophets go, large-eyed and white
In lightning streaming from the Future's night:
The hoary Patriarchs talk with angel guests—
The children looking from the lone white tent
In glorious fear and wonderment:
The palmy rivers linger through the sands,
  Like weary pilgrims to some far-off shrine
That stood so long the very Panym lands
  Hold it a thing divine:
The old gray tower grieves o'er the broken column,
  Mute histories darkle on mausoleum lids;
And in the distance, silent, vast and solemn,
  A range of Pyramids.
While beaming over all, the pure Moon walks
  Majestic through the sky's blue bowers
And gazes proudly on her blooming stars,
  As EVE on Eden's flowers.

II.

Surely my Soul did linger in the East
  When travelling from his God:

Surely he ate awhile the spiritual feast
  Of JUDAH'S holy sod:
And laid him by SILOA'S storied fountain;
And sat on many a sacred mountain,
  The prophet-legends learning,
Before he sought a body in the West—
  Else why this passionate yearning
To lie imparadised on glorious Asia's breast?
Thus not unclothed my Spirit crossed the sea;
Thus like a robe those wondrous things were round me;
The Desert's awe, the voice of Galilee,
The heavenly Faith that crowned me.
Thus did I travel as a gorgeous king,
Cinctured in light elysian of that imperial vision
  Unto the cloudy West,
Where my tired Spirit furled his weary wing,
  And went to sleep—but woke an Infant's guest.
And still, Oh! still,
  Despite of passion, sin and ill,
Despite of all this weary world hath brought,
  An angel-band from Zion's holy hill
Walks gently through the open gate of Thought.
Oh! still, Oh! still,
Despite of passion, sin and ill,

ONE in red vesture comes in sorrow's time—
ONE crowned with thorns from that far Orient clime,
Who pitying looks on me
And gently asks, "Poor man, what aileth thee?"

III.

Land of the East! I breathed thy sainted air:
O, holy Tomb! I knelt upon thy floor:
O, mount of Wo! I went with forehead bare
Where HE was slain, to weep and to adore,
Before, my Spirit was that Infant's guest,
Rejoicing on the glad young mother's breast—
And therefore doubt shall never come to me,
Of all the things that were and are to be.
I heard the low, sad voices of the rills:
I heard the burden of the desolate hills—
"JERUSALEM! JERUSALEM!"
And evermore a mournful voice replied
From where that sad, meek Lamb forgiving died—
"JERUSALEM!"
Yet, Loved of Heaven! wave high thy plaintive palm
And sometimes sing those old, majestic psalms,
Albeit, thy daring eyes,

Blinded with God-head that they glared at, stare
Mournfully round: Beauty is in thy skies;
The rose-tree glitters by the lion's lair,
And glory still on thy wide eyebrow lies.
The nations must forever turn to thee,
Feeling thy lustrous presence from afar;
And feed upon thy splendor as a sea
Feeds on the shining shadow of a star.

JERUSALEM.

I.

Queen of Judea's glorious Land!
The laurel, fallen from thy brow,
Lies withering on the desert's sand
And trampled by the Arab now:
The emerald boughs of Lebanon
Still brush the blue, unclouded sky;
Their plumes still bow before the sun
That lights thy ruin from on high;
But on thy brow, so desolate,
Are stamped the blasting seals of Fate,

II.

Siloa's brook still flows along
Beneath the graceful palm-tree's shade,
Unmindful of the Pilgrim-throng
In grief upon its bank arrayed;

And Kedron's amaranthine bowers
Are darkly trailing on the ground:
Oh, crumbled are the holy towers
That reared their grandeur once around;
No verdure gems the burning sod
Save where perchance the Savior trod.

III.

Judea's mountains still are seen
Majestic in their sacred gloom;
Her hills and valleys glitter green,
As though thou didst not fill a tomb;
The stars still beam o'er Calvary's steep;
The grape, the fig, the olive shine;
Unwrinkled rolls the dark-blue Deep,
And still the mountains bear the vine;
Fame still illumes Gilboa's brow—
Proud City, oh, how dark art thou!

IV.

Above the sculptured column's form
The gloomy cypress weaves its pall,
And scorpions in the sunbeam swarm
Upon the gray and ruined wall:

The marble halls where music rolled,
The silent street, the regal dome,
No longer rough with gems and gold,
Are now the savage Jackall's home,
And round the Temple's broken shrine
The desert-serpents, hissing, twine.

V.

For o'er thy brow, Jerusalem!
A crimsoned Calvary steeply towers;
The blood that streamed from Jesse's stem
Still reddens in Gethsemen's bowers.
Yes, fallen Queen! thy lyre is broke,
Whose music rose to God alone:
No longer to the inspired stroke
Of "Monarch-Minstrel" on his throne,
Its chords in gratitude resound,
And breathe their solemn notes around.

VI.

But shall the harp for ever sleep?
Oh, must the city always lie
A moaning wreck, and doomed to weep
Before the ages marching by?

To some the INSPIRATION sings
A glorious rising from the sod;
To some that INSPIRATION brings
Another Zion from their God:
If ruin is the eternal doom,
What lessons in that city's gloom!

VII.

The Ages come, the Ages go;
New stars the brightning heaven deck;
With lovelier light the nations glow—
Jerusalem is still a wreck!
In vain, in vain through all the years,
She stands with ashes on her head—
The Queen of everlasting tears,
In all, in all save sorrow dead:
She stands the monument of crime
That only falls with falling Time!

LINES ON ROBERT WALSH.[8]

Written on the occasion of Robert Walsh, American Consul at Paris, taking side with the Tyrants of Europe while they were engaged in crushing liberty in Hungary, Germany and Italy.

YES, back with him! back with the one who could stand
With a smile for the tyrants while patriots bled,
And the Banner of Stars that he held in his hand
Rustled only to tell us that Freedom was *dead*—
The Banner that Hancock and Adams unfurled,
That Washington planted on Tyranny's tomb—
The only thing now speaking hope to a world,
Like the wing of an angel displayed in the gloom!

Shout, Nicholas! shout over Hungary's grave,
If *America's* herald feeds Tyranny's springs:
Let Radetsky in red saturnaliā rave,
While his Walsh twines a wreath for the demons called *Kings*.

Roar! Oudinot! roar for the Traitor of France;
Seek his Capitol throned in your blood-dripping cars,
And exalt on the point of your butchering lance,
As a proof of *his honesty*, Liberty's stars.

Oh, think of it Freemen, in workshop and field—
Ay, think that the gold that rewarded your pains
Went to purchase for kings an *American* shield,
As they threw over Italy Galliā's chains!
And hear, if ye can, mid your rage, that the sons
Of Pulaski, De Kalb, Kosciusco were there,
With their swords drawn for Freedom—ay, hear it, the ones
That were drawn for your fathers when sunk in despair!

O, Heaven! thus to think that when Lands were discerned
With Republican flags where the tyrants' unfurled,
And they thought, at the least, that a sympathy burned
For a patriot's struggle in Jefferson's world—
Thus to think that the rod which our ancestors wrought
To guide Tyranny's lightning from Liberty's shrine,
Was employed by a wretch in such way as it brought
The red thunderbolt down on her temple divine!

Then, miscreant, back! Ay, the word has been said;
And the Spirit of Washington still we can see
In the chief of our Land, which the patriot-dead
And the patriot-living have sworn to be free.
Yes, panderer, back!—No! to Nicholas fly!
Not a welcome canst thou from thy countrymen meet;
The Living would shrink as thy form hurried by,
And the Dead mutter hate at the sound of thy feet!

October 6, 1849.

MASS FOR THE HUNGARIANS,

WHO FELL IN THE LATE GLORIOUS STRUGGLE WITH AUSTRIA.

I.

Alone and in darkness I chanted their mass—
The mass that a poet should roll
For the Brave who have fallen in Liberty's pass,
Through the shadowy aisles of his soul.
The Shades of old Heros were kneeling around;
Tell, Washington, Emmet were there:
Their brows were with Liberty's aureoles bound,
And their broad, spectral banners waved out without sound
On the funeral breath of the air.

II.

Alone and in darkness I chanted their mass:
But shall that be the only one said?
Is it thus they shall slumber in Liberty's pass?
No! a grander mass still for the Dead!

Then again will the Shades of those Heros appear—
Not soundless their banners shall wave;
But, like thunder-storms bursting on Tyranny's bier,
They shall blaze, while the Austrian is trembling with fear,
And KOSSUTH avenges the Brave!

III.

The tapers that light up that terrible mass
Shall the fagots of battle-flames be;
Its organ, the cannon in Liberty's pass,
Roaring down from the ranks of the Free:
The priests are fair Liberty's soldiers who stand
On their soil which they swear to redeem:
O, never was mass for a mortal so grand
As that to be rolled over Hungary's Land
By the blood-dripping bayonet's gleam!

IV.

Then rest, Heros! rest with the Heros of old!
We trample in scorn on the lie,
That for Faction your glorious banners unrolled—
For Freedom alone did ye die!

Yes, rest, Heros, rest! Every zephyr that sweeps
O'er the battle-field murmurs your fame:
O! yet shall your monuments soar on the steeps
Of your own beloved Hungary, saved from the deeps
Where the Tyrant would bury her name!

LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE LIKENESS OF A LADY IN WHITEHURST'S DAGUERRIAN GALLERY.

Most beautiful! and yet I feel
It is not beauty thrilling now,
But something that diviner flows
From that sweet lip and airy brow—
Something like music, weird and mild,
That trembles from a rosy wild.

There is a softness in the eyes
Like shining mist we see in June,
When hill and lake have faintly caught
The tender glory of the moon,
And wandering forth by some bright stream,
We dream that we are in a dream.

There is a nameless air that gives
A splendor to the form and face—
A sacred light, a majesty,
Yet softened by supernal grace,
And visions come of Eden's bowers,
The earliest tryst, the hour of hours!

O Lady! we have never met,
Nor may—and yet I know thee well:
Whate'er betide, thy loveliness
Shall cling around me like a spell—
A joy, a benediction and a light
In Pleasure's noon or Sorrow's night.

THE TURRETED MOUNTAIN.

As Day lay dying in the chambered West, I sat upon the crags with her, the loved, the luminously beautiful. I spoke of all the wonder of the World, and how the mystery is solved only by Love incarnated, and how that World—with lucent lakes and prairies paradised in flowers, and troubled seas, and quiet mountains, and the great blue heaven—went mournfully trampling over space, terribly beautiful, beheld by God alone: and how her voice wailed up for children who should hoard her wasted majesty, and know her worth: and how the desolate Ocean sadly roamed from pole to pole, with his hands clasped in wo, until Man's Race arose.

A rosier tint now made a visible music in the twilight clouds: I turned my eyes upon the setting sun, and sung an earnest song—a native song. Our Land is full of themes.

THE SONG.

I.

THE Turreted Mountain is soaring on high
Mid the roseate flush of a Summer sky
That stretches above its shadowy wings,
Like a brooding Love over earthly things
Which quietly bend in a solemn prayer,
And bless their Lord for the balmy air.

II.

The Turreted Mountain of old arose
When Nature aroused from a long repose,
And, shouting, poured from her liberal hand
The Hudson that hallows this beautiful Land,
Then murmurs away to the boundless sea,
Like a Hebrew bard to Eternity.

III.

The Turreted Mountain has braved the shock
Of a thousand thunders that failed to rock
The mighty works which Nature piles
To tell her frowns and to speak her smiles:
And still the crags in the blue sky beam
Like giants wrapped in a shining dream.

IV.

The Turreted Mountain has seen a Race
Die out as a fire in their olden place.
The people red, in the summery hours,
On the rocks, as on altars, scattered flowers,
And the bloodless sacrifice was blessed
By the MANITO ruling the leaf-covered West.
Ah! the god and his people are seen no more
But as dim, sad ghosts on the spirit-shore.

V.

The Turreted Mountain still mutters on high
Its old romance to the earth and the sky,
While another Race in its shade reclines
When the Summer has come with some roses and vines
On her stately brow, or the Autumn sings
With a breaking heart by the desolate springs.

VI.

Sweet Childhood here shall kneel in the dim
Hushed eve, and offer its earliest hymn,
And lovers shall breathe, 'mid the warble of birds
And a heavén of kisses, their plighting words;
And Manhood shall ponder, and old Age spread
His thin, worn sail for the Isles of the Dead.

VII.

O, Thou—the same in a thousand forms,
In the firm-seated rocks and the changeable storms—
Whose thoughts are suns, whose passions are spheres,
Whose pulses are felt in the throbs of the years,
Whose feet are fixed on the wide mountain bars,
Whose eyes sparkle out in the luminous stars,
And, sleepless, make o'er the earth and the sea
The broad white light of Eternity—
We bless THEE, we praise THEE, O King! that our sod
Thus speaks in the mountain and valley of God.

LINES

In honor of Henry Grinnell, Esq., whose munificent liberality ted out the *Rescue* and *Advance* for the Polar Seas, in search Sir John Franklin.

I.

Weave a wreath whose leaves are gathered
In some green and quiet glen,
Where the fiends of battle never
Marshalled hosts of arméd men;

II.

Where the dove of Peace hath nestled
In a mild-eyed people's bowers,
Whose calm pulses are as gentle
As the pulses of their flowers.

III.

Who shall wear the wreath when woven?
He to whom the proud ship wails?—
"Sailor! I am weary waiting;
Point my guns and spread my sails!"

IV.

Never! but to him the laurel,
  Who has shouted—"Proud Ship, go
With the flag of peace and succor
  To the Clime of Night and Snow!

V.

Thou, O Ship! no more shall trample,
  Mad with carnage, on the Deep;
Brighter missions now awake thee;
  Brighter garlands thou shalt reap!

VI.

Be it thine to dare the Iceberg,
  Warder of the Northern wave;
And, instead of slaying heros,
  Save a hero from the grave!"

VII.

Then to him, to him that laurel,
  Who would rather save than slay—
Who, with Peace's torch, has marshalled
  Nations in true Glory's way.

SONG.[10]

I.

A Summer-tree and claret cool,
  Around, a flowery lea,
And to while away the pleasant hour,
  The sunny Orr with me.
No gloomy thoughts shall dare intrude,
  No cloudy memories rise,
But devil-me-care shall light our brains,
  And glitter from our eyes.

II.

O! he shall show his graver's work,
  Whose beauty I'll ponder long,
And I, when the first young stars come out,
  Will make for him a song—
Some song that comes as fresh and as free
  From my heart in Friendship's bowers,
As sunbeams come from the Summer sky,
  Or from the Earth the flowers.

III.

So we will drink and we will sing,
And smile at pomp or ill,
And he to me shall be but *Jack*,
And to him I'll be but *Will:*
Then a Summer-tree and claret cool,
Around, a flowery lea,
And to while away the pleasant hour,
The sunny ORR with me.

THE PARADE.

SUGGESTED BY A LATE PROCESSION OF THE CELEBRATED EMPIRE ENGINE COMPANY, 42.

Roll out, ye strains of music, on the air,
From deep-toned drum and shrill, heroic tromp,
Whose pealings bring no image of despair,
No battle's gory pomp;

No wail of towns where War has blown his breath
Of lurid flame along the peaceful spires;
No bleeding veins; no victory bought with Death,
And no Revenge's fires!

How firm they step, these brave and brilliant forms,
Along the city's unensanguined street!
Their arms have dared a thousand fiery storms
That crouched beneath their feet,

Leaving our homes unscathed, our temples fair,
Our piers still watching for their far-off ships,
And Beauty beaming on the morning air
With her unwithered lips.

O, it is beautiful and bright and grand!
Peace smiles to see that she has Heros too,
Who from her rainbows arched above the Land,
Their inspirations drew:

And yet if Foemen should pollute our sod,
How quick these eyes would dare the battle-fire,
Yes! in the van, appeal to Freedom's God,
And hurl the patriot's ire!

Away! away, ye thoughts of war and wo!
Sleep, red-browed Battle, in thy demon-den!
We'll only think of Peace, and mark the glow
She gives these gallant men.

Then roll, ye strains of music, on the air,
From deep-toned drum and shrill, heroic tromp,
Whose pealings bring no image of despair,
No battle's gory pomp!

REST OF THE NATION.

INSCRIBED TO GEORGE SCOTT ROE.

Our worship still is in the public way—
Our altars are the market-place.

W. Gilmore Simms.

I.

INVOCATION.

The Nation hath gone mad with action now.
Oh many-troubled Giant! with a heated brow,
And sultry heart within whose wide
And lofty chambers stalketh puff-cheeked Pride,
And hungry, pale Ambition scenting power,
Wilt thou not let the wearied River steal
Through quiet hills for one short hour,
And dream unvexéd by the eager keel,
Of that sweet peace he knew in times of old,
When only Nature sat near him and rolled
Her simple songs amid her flowery fold?

And let the Forest lift some unshorn plumes
Amid the ancient glooms:
For this he pleads with trembling hands,
Appealing to far Heaven from all the populous lands:
And leave the Mountains for a time untrod,
And thou shalt see
Their lips yet struggling to be free,
So that they may shout backward to the sea,
"We also know and reverence our God!"
O, Titan, of the eagle-eye and growing pain!
Wilt thou not rest on Alabama's plain?
O'er Huron lean and let his mirror show,
Unruffled by thy restless feet,
That harmonies of light yet fall below,
That Heaven and Earth may meet.
Sleep, sleep, thou wide-browed POWER!
In Florida's magnolian bower;
And where New-England's pilgrim-feet were prest;
Or by Ohio's softly wandering wave:
Or in the dusk halls of Kentuky's cave;
Or on the flowery and broad prairies rest
Of Illinois or Indiana:—slumber in the West!

II.

NIGHT.

Behold! the great woods slumber, and the lake
No longer is awake
Beneath the stars, that nod and start with sleep
In their white-clouded deep:
Fitfully the moon goes nodding through
The valleys of the vapory blue,
And dreams, forgetting all her queenly ills,
Of angels sleeping on Elysium's hills:
The drowsy lake,
So sweet is slumber, would not yet awake;
But—like an infant two years old,
Before whose closéd eyes
Dreamily, move the boys of Paradise
Singing their little psalms
Under the stately palms—
It stirreth softly lest rough motion might
Shake rudely and put out each heavenly light.

III.

THE GRANDEUR OF REPOSE.

So rest! and Rest shall slay your many woes;
Motion is god-like—god-like is repose,
A mountain-stillness of majestic might,
Whose peaks are glorious with the quiet light
Of suns when Day is at his solemn close.
Nor deem that slumber must ignoble be.
Jove labored lustily once in airy fields;
And over the cloudy lea
He planted many a budding shoot
Whose liberal nature daily, nightly yields
A store of starry fruit:
His labor done, the weary god went back
Up the long mountain-track
To his great house; there he did while away
With lightest thought a well-won holiday;
For all the Powers crooned softly an old tune,
Wishing their Sire might sleep
Through all the sultry noon
And cold blue night; and very soon
They heard the awful Thunderer breathing low and deep:

And in the hush that dropped adown the spheres,
And in the quiet of the awe-struck space,
The worlds learned worship at the birth of years:
They looked upon their Lord's calm, kingly face,
And bade Religion come and kiss each starry place.

IV.

PEACE AND SLEEP.

At least, I must have peace, afar from strife—
No motion save enough to leave me life.
And I shall lay me gently in some nook
Where a small bay the sluggish tide receives,
And, reading, hear some bland old poet's book
Shake delicate music from its mystic leaves,
While under drowsy clouds the dull waves go,
And echo softly back the melody in their flow.
Or sleep: why lose its wondrous world?
Look on its valleys, on its mountains look,
And cloudy streams;
Behold the arabesque Land of Dreams!
The very mists are lazily curled;
And see in yonder glen,

Beside a little brook,
Mid sleeping flocks some sleeping men:
And one who tries to watch, for danger's sake,
Nods and winks,
And vainly hums a tune to keep awake,
And now beside his brethren slowly sinks.

Yes, sleep! why lose its lovely world?
The garish banners of the day are furled
And safely put away.
See what a languid glory binds
The long dim chambers of the darkling West,
While far below yon azure river winds
Like a blue vein on sleeping Beauty's breast.

V.

FINAL.

Millions! will ye not rest or dream with me?
Let not the STRUGGLE thus forever be!
Not from the gold that wounded Earth reveals;
Not from the roaring of your iron wheels
That shake the mountains with their thunder-peals;

Not from the oceans pallid with your wings;
Not from the power which only labor brings—
The enduring grandeur of a nation springs.
The wealth may perish as a fleeting breath—
The bannered armament may find a death
Deep in the hungry waters—and the crown
Of empire from your tall brows topple down:
But that which rains true glory o'er
The low or lofty, and the rich or poor,
Shall never die—
Large VIRTUE towering on the throne of Will.
The Nations drink the Heroic from her eye
And march triumphing over every ill.

THE AMERICAN EPIC.

We have had enough of visions
  Sailing over Fancy's Deep,
And we hear the morning's trumpet
  Calling from the mountain's steep.

Leave the poet to his musing;
  Brace the arm and clear the brow;
We have read with him an Epic,
  Let us *live* an Epic now.

Lo! a world is spread before us:
  Never world was so sublime,
With such sea-like rivers sounding
  From the starry keys of Time.

Did the stalwart Northmen, rolling
  Sagas through their storm-torn beards,
While their axes felled the forest,
  Leave behind them more than words?

We shall also, in the forest,
Win an everlasting name;
Bridge Oblivion's ocean over,
Dare forgetfulness by Fame.

Answer, then, that morning trumpet,
Calling from the mountain's steep;
Hurl the lightning, stretch the railroad—
Launch the steamer on the Deep!

Let NAPOLEON'S fire-heart thunder
Only from a cloudy horde;
Labor's sun shall melt the cannon,
And the axe outlive the sword.

Smiling SHAKSPEARES then shall follow;
NEWTONS glorify our sod;
MILTONS stand, with blank eyes, chanting
Opposite the throne of God.

So for them prepare the temple,
Brace the arm and clear the brow;
After while we'll sing an Epic,
But we'll *live* the Epic now.

L'Ennui.

CHANT OF A SOUL.

My youth has gone—the glory, the delight
That gave new moons unto the moonless night,
And put in every wind a tone
And presence that was not its own.
I can no more create,
What time the Autumn blows her solemn tromp,
And goes with golden pomp
Through our immeasurable woods:
I can no more create, sitting in youthful state
Above the mighty floods,
And peopling glen, and wave, and air,
With shapes that are immortal. Then
The earth and heaven were fair,
While only less than gods seemed all my fellow-men.

Oh! the delight, the gladness,
The sense yet love of madness;
The glorious choral exultations,
The far-off sounding of the banded nations;
The wings of angels at melodious sweeps
Upon the mountain's hazy steeps—
The very Dead astir within their coffined deeps;
The dreamy veil that wrapped the star and sod—
A swathe of purple, gold, and amethyst;
And, luminous behind the billowy mist,
Something that looked to my young eyes like GOD.

Too late I learn I have not lived aright,
And hence the loss of that delight
Which put a moon into the moonless night.
I mingled in the human maze;
I sought their horrid shrine;
I knelt before the impure blaze;
I made their idols mine:
I lost mine early love—that land of balms
Most musical with stately psalms
Sounding beneath the tall and graceful palms.

Who lives aright?
Answer me, all ye Pyramids and Piles
That look like calmest power in your still might.
Ye also do I ask, O Continents and Isles!
Blind though with blood ye be,
Your tongues, though torn with pain, I know are free.
Then speak, all ancient masses! speak
From patient obelisk to idle peak!
There is a heaving of the plains,
A trailing of a shroud,
A clash of bolts and chains—
A low, sad voice, that comes upon me like a cloud,
"Oh, misery! oh, misery!"—
Thou poor old Earth! no more, no more
Shall I draw speech from thee,
Nor dare thy crypts of legendary lore:
Let silence learn no tongue; let night fold every shore.

Yet I have something left—the Will,
That Mont Blanc of the soul, is towering still:
And I can bear the pain,
The storm, the old heroic chain;
And with a smile
Pluck wisdom from my torture, and give back

A love to Fate from this my mountain-rack.
I do believe the sad alone are wise;
  I do believe the wronged alone can know
Why lives the world, why spread the burdened skies,
  And so from torture into godship grow.
Plainer and plainer beams this truth, the more
I hear the slow dull dripping of my gore;
And now, arising from yon deep,
'Tis plain as a white statue on a tall, dark steep.

  Oh, suffering Bards! oh, spirits black
With storm on many a mountain-rack!
Our early splendor's gone,
Like stars into a cloud withdrawn—
  Like music laid asleep
In dried-up fountains—like a stricken dawn
  Where sudden tempests sweep.
I hear the bolts around us falling,
And cloud to cloud forever calling:
  Yet WE must not despair nor weep.
Did WE this evil bring?
Or from our fellows did the torture spring?
Titans! forgive, forgive!
Oh, know ye not 'tis victory but to live?

Therefore I say rejoice, with harp and voice:
I know not what our fate may be:
I only know that he who hath a Time
Must also have Eternity:
One billow proves and gives a whole wide sea.
On this I build my trust,
And not on mountain-dust,
Or murmuring woods, or starlit clime,
Or ocean with melodious chime,
Or sunset glories in the western sky:
Enough, I *am* and shall not choose to die.
No matter what my future fate may be:
To live is in itself a majesty!
Oh! there I may again create
Fair worlds, as in my youthful state;
Or Wo may build for me a fiery tomb
Deep in the nether gloom:
Even then I will not lose the name of man
By idle moan or coward groan,
But say, "It was so written in the mighty plan!"

NOTES.

1. The North Edda. If the Valkyrs did not choose him. The Valkrys, in the Scandinavian Mythology, are choosers of those who are to be slain in battle.

2. The Liberty Bell hangs in the Old State House in Philadelphia. It is hallowed by Revolutionary recollections.

3. The Gods of Old. This poem (now revised) first appeared in the *Whig Review* of 1845. The Editor took occasion to say, that "its conception differs both from Schiller's *Gods of Greece*, and Miss Barrett's *Hymn to Pan*. Schiller laments the decay of Olympian influence; Miss Barrett expressly declares it to be dead; this poem asserts its continued power in the ideal world."

4. The Mounds of America. The mounds are scattered over the whole of North America. Some of them are of vast size. They are full of skeletons (crumbling at the touch,) that evidently were deposited there many centuries since. The Indians cannot give us any account of the origin of the mounds, and they must have been erected by a people that lived in America at a very ancient period—a people (as the ruins of large cities, still faintly visible in the forests, naturally suggest) far advanced in civilization.

5. Last words of Napoleon. This poem was composed and published long before Napoleon's remains were removed (which they never should have been) from St. Helena.

6. Wordsworth. This monologue was composed and published some years before the great poet's death.

7. Mahomet El Amin. *El Amin* means "The Faithful," a title given by common consent to Mahomet when a boy.

"*And the old Arabian whirlwind called another Arab soul.*"—See Job.

"*Who is this that comes from Hara?*" Mahomet retired to Mount Hara for meditation before publicly promulgating his mission.

It has given me great pleasure to adopt as the motto of this poem a passage from a splendid work on the Analogy of Flowers with the Passions, from the pen of Dr. Lazarus, a young man of wonderful natural powers, extraordinary learning and *conscientiousness* in his literary and scientific pursuits.

The motto to another poem I have taken from a lyric by Mr. John Savage, one of the Irish Exiles. I am proud that my country was chosen as the place of refuge by such men as Savage, Brennan, Reilly, and Williams, all of whom possess the first order of abilities.

8. Lines on Robert Walsh.

"*Ay, think that the gold that rewarded your pains.*" Walsh was in the enjoyment of a revenue from his consulship.

"*Back! miscreant back! Ay, the word has been said.*" When this poem was composed, there was a report of Walsh's dismissal by General Taylor.

9. Song. "*The sunny* Orr *with me.*" John W. Orr, the noted engraver.

A numeral to designate a note was by accident omitted in the "Autumn in America." Under that note would have appeared the following:

"*By a poet, now in the grave-yard laid.*" The poet referred to, is Willis Gaylord Clarke, whose poetical and prose writings deservedly occupy a distinguished place in American Literature.